

For. Yes Madam faire.
 Qu. Nay, neuer paint me now,
 Where faire is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
 Here (good my glasse) take this for telling true:
 Faire paiement for foule words, is more then due.

For. Nothing but faire is that which you inherit.
 Qu. See, see, my beautie will be sau'd by merit.
 O heresie in faire, fit for these dayes,
 A giuing hand, though foule, shall haue faire praise.
 But come, the Bow: Now Mercie goes to kill,
 And shooting well, is then accounted ill:
 Thus will I saue my credit in the shoote,
 Not wounding, pittie would not let me do't:
 If wounding, then it was to shew my skill,
 That more for praise, then purpose meant to kill.
 And out of question, so it is sometimes:
 Glory growes guiltie of detested crimes,
 When for Fames sake, for praise an outward part,
 We bend to that, the working of the hart.
 As I for praise alone now seeke to spill
 The poore Deeres blood, that my heart meanes no ill.

Boy. Do not curst wiues hold that selfe-foueraigntie
 Onely for praise sake, when they strue to be
 Lords ore their Lords?

Qu. Onely for praise, and praise we may afford,
 To any Lady that subdewes a Lord.

Enter Clowne.

Boy. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
 Clo. God dig-you-den all, pray you which is the head
 Lady?

Qu. Thou shalt know her fellow, by the rest that haue
 no heads.

Clo. Which is the greatest Lady, the highest?
 Qu. The thickest, and the tallest.

Clo. The thickest, & the tallest: it is so, truth is truth.
 And your waste Mistris, were as slender as my wit,
 One a these Maides girdles for your waste should be fit.
 Are not you the chiefe womā? You are the thickest here?

Qu. What's your will fir? What's your will?

Clo. I haue a Letter from Monsier Berowne,

To one Lady Rosaline.

Qu. O thy letter, thy letter: He's a good friend of mine,
 Stand a side good bearer.

Boy. you can carue,

Break vp this Capon.

Boy. I am bound to serue.

This Letter is mistooke: it importeth none here:

It is writ to *Iaquenetta*.

Qu. We will reade it, I sweare.

Break the necke of the Waxe, and euery one giue eare.

Boy. reads.

BY heauen, that thou art faire, is most infallible: true
 that thou art. beauteous, truth it selfe that thou art
 louely: more fairer then faire, beautifull then beauteous,
 truer then truth it selfe: haue comiseration on thy heroi-
 call Vassall. The magnanimous and most illustrate King
Cophetua set eie vpon the pernicious and indubitate Beg-
 ger *Zenelophon*: and he it was that might rightly say, *Ve-
 ni, vidi, vici*: Which to annothanize in the vulgar, O
 base and obscure vulgar; *videliset*, He came, See, and o-
 uercame: hee came one; see, two; couercame three:
 Who came? the King. Why did he come? to see. Why

did he see? to ouercome. To whom came he? to the
 Begger. What saw he? the Begger. Who ouercame
 he? the Begger. The conclusion is victorie: On whose
 side? the King: the captiue is inricht: On whose side?
 the Beggers. The catastrophe is a Nuptiall: on whose
 side? the Kings: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am
 the King (for so stands the comparison) thou the Beg-
 ger, for so witnesseth thy lowlinesse. Shall I command
 thy loue? I may. Shall I enforce thy loue? I could.
 Shall I entreate thy loue? I will. What, shalt thou ex-
 change for ragges, robes: for tittles titles, for thy selfe
 mee. Thus expecting thy reply, I prophane my lips on
 thy foote, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy
 euerie part.

Thine in the dearest designe of industrie,

Don Adriana de Armatho.

Thus dost thou heare the Nemean Lion roare,
 Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
 Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
 And he from forrage will incline to play.
 But if thou strue (poore foule) what art thou then?
 Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Qu. What plume of feathers is hee that indited this
 Letter? What veine? What Wethercocke? Did you
 euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceived, but I remember the stile.

Qu. Else your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keeps here in court.

A Phantasmie, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport.

To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Qu. Thou fellow, a word.

Who gaue thee this Letter?

Clo. I told you, my Lord.

Qu. To whom shouldst thou giue it?

Clo. From my Lord to my Lady.

Qu. From which Lord, to which Lady?

Clo. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good master of mine,

To a Lady of *France*, that he call'd *Rosaline*.

Qu. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away.

Here sweete, put vp this, 'twill be thine another day.

Exeunt.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I may continend of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,

Hang me by the necke, if hornes that yeare miscarrie.

Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not

neare. Finely put on indeede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boy*, and shee

strikes at the brow.

Boy. But she her selfe is hit lower:

Haue I hit her now.

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an old saying, that

was a man when King *Pippin* of *France* was a little boy, as

touching the hit it.

Boy. So I may answer thee with one as old that

was a woman when *Queene Chimoner* of *Brittaine* was a

little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
 Thou canst not hit it my good man.

Boy. I cannot, cannot, cannot:

And I cannot, another can. Exit.

Clo. By my troth most pleasant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marucilous well shot, for they both

did hit.

Boy. A marke, O marke but that marke: a marke saies

my Lady.

Let the mark haue a pricke in't, to meat at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'th bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeepe a'must shoote nearer, or heele ne're hit

the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand

is in.

Clo. Then will shee get the vpshoot by cleauing the

is in.

Ma. Come, come, you talke greasely, your lips grow

foule.

Clo. She's too hard for you at pricks, fir challenge her

to boule.

Boy. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good

Oule.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne.

Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.

O my troth most sweete icits, most in conie vulgar wit,

When it comes so smoothly off, so obsecenely, as it were,

so fit.

Armador ath to the side, O a most dainty man.

To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fan.

To see him kisse his hand, and how most sweetly a will

sweare:

And his Page at other side, that handfull of wit,

Ah heaueus, it is most pathetical nit.

Sowla, sowla. Exeunt.

Shoote within.

Enter Dull, *Holofernes*, the Pedant and *Nathaniel*.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truely, and done in the testi-
 mony of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in bl' od,
 ripe as a Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Jewell in
 the eare of *Cela* the skie; the welken the heauen, and a-
 non falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the
 land, the earth.

Curat. Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are
 sweetly varied like a scholler at the least: but fir I assure
 ye, it was a Bucke of the first head.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, *hand credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *hand credo*; 'twas a Pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation: yet a kinde of infi-
 mation, as it were in *via*, in way of explication *saere*: as
 it were replication, or rather *ostentare*, to shew as it were
 his inclination after his vndrested, vnpolished, vneduca-
 ted, vnpruned, vntrained, or rather vnlettered, or rathe-
 rest vnconfirmed fashion, to insert againe my *hand credo*
 for a Deare.

Dull. I said the Deare was not a *hand credo*, 'twas a
 Pricket.

Hol. Twice sod simplicitie, *his coltus*, O thou mon-
 ster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou looke.

Nath. Sir hee hath neuer fed of the dainties that are
 bred in a booke.

He hath not eate paper as it were:

He hath not drunke inke.

His intellect is not replenished, hee is onely an animall,
 onely sensible in the duller parts: and such barren plants
 are set before vs, that we thankfull should be: which we
 taste and feeling, are for those parts that doe fructifie in
 vs more then he.

For as it would ill become me to be vaine, indiscreet, or
 a foole;

So were there a patch set on Learning, to see him in a
 Schoole.

But *omne bene* say I, being of an old Fathers minde,
 Many can brooke the weather, that loue not the winde.

Dull. You two are book-men: Can you tell by your
 wit, What was a month old at *Cains* birth, that's not fise
 weekes old as yet?

Hol. *Ditissima* Goodman Dull, *ditissima* Goodman
 Dull.

Dull. What is *ditima*?

Nath. A title to *Phibe*, to *Luna*, to the Moone.

Hol. The Moone was a month old when *Adam* was
 no more. (score.

And wrought not to fise-weekes when he came to fise-
 Th'allusion holds in the Exchange.

Dull. 'Tis true indeede, the Collusion holds in the
 Exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity, I say th'allusion holds
 in the Exchange.

Dull. And I say the polusion holds in the Exchange:
 for the Moone is neuer but a month old: and I say be-
 side that, 'twas a Pricket that the Princeesse kill'd.

Hol. Sir *Nathaniel*, will you heare an extemporall
 Epytaph on the death of the Deare, and to humour
 the ignorant call'd the Deare, the Princeesse kill'd a
 Pricket.

Nath. *Perge*, good M. *Holofernes*, *perge*, so it shall
 please you to abrogate *scurilitie*.

Hol. I will something affect the letter, for it argues
 facilitie.

The prayfull Princeesse pearst and pricke

a prettie pleasing Pricket,

Some say a Sore, but not a sore,

till now made sore with shooting.

The Dogges did yell, put ell to Sore,

then Sorell jumps from thicket:

Or Pricket, sore, or else Sorell,

the people fall a boating.

If Sore be sore, then ell to Sore,

makes fiftie sores O Sorell:

Of one sore I an hundred make

by adding but one more L.

Nath. A rare talent.

Dull. If a talent be a claw, looke how he clawes him
 with a talent.

Nath. This is a gift that I haue simple: simple, a foo-
 lish extrauagant spirit, full of formes, figures, shapes, ob-
 iects, Ideas, apprehensions, motions, reuolutions. These
 are begot in the ventricle of memorie, nourisht in the
 wombe of primater, and deliuered vpon the mellowing
 of occasion: but the gift is good in those in whom it is
 acute, and I am thankfull for it.

Hol. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my
 parishioners, for their Sonnes are well tutor'd by you,
 and their Daughters profit very greatly vnder you: you
 are a good member of the common-wealth.

Nath. *Me hercle*, If their Sonnes be ingenuous, they
 shall